The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Poem. If we could know. A. W. Curtis	161
2. Onward. A New Year's Meditation. By the late T. T. Lynch	161
3. Authentic Interviews. The Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, M.A.	165
4. Two Opposing Tendencies. No. III. Rev. ...	
5. Manchester College (Oxford) Letter ...	170
6. Gleanings from the Biography of Tennyson. W. H. D.	172
7. Poem. Cymbeline and the Quarrellers. Wade Robinson	174
8. The Children's Page ...	

MONTHLY MEETING OF

PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS

OF WARWICKSHIRE AND NEIGHBOURING COUNTIES.

No. 147

Jan 17 1898

Received of G. E. Evans the sum of —

Pound, Two Shillings and Six Pence,

subscription for the year 1897, as below.

John Hanson

Treasurer.

Membership, £ 2/6

Special Fund,

... little children for his hand,
And, clasping it, take courage, knowing well
He'll bring us safely to the better land.

A. W. CURTIS.

... of the world are crowded with racers who stay not, but still press on insatiate.

It is only such forgetting as is consistent with spiritual intentness or is made necessary thereby,

that a Christian is to show. He must forget the past lest he forget the future. He must remember the future lest he lose the past, and it become, to him, a shame and a torment. If, remembering only that which will weaken him with regret, or will palsy him with fear, or elate him with dangerous, vain-glory, he forgets the sure and certain hope, forgets his own pledges given, forgets the greatness of the efforts still necessary, then remembering what he should rather forget, he will forget what he is under the highest obligations to remember. Onward! oh, lover of the truth! Onward! truth's workman. Hast thou felt, in thy longing for the truth and apprehension of it, a sweet, sad, inner life? What other life to thee can now have sanctity and riches? Hast thou begun to serve truth as a king's son should serve his father? Thou wilt be fretful and wretched till again the brow is bent in thought, again the hand put forth in effort. Oh, heart so agitated with constant balancings of hope and fear, Onward! To renew thy journey is to renew thy courage. By thy sense of benefits received; by memory of success won through sufferings; by the force of gratified affections, that, having received much, ask all; by the vital energies of thought that must grow or die; in the name of humanity's craving instincts; in the name of earth's heavy necessities; by the honour of freedom's offer; by the glory of Christ the forerunner; by and in the name of God and hope, of love, honour, and victory, Onward!

And will not the man whose motto is onward —onward, even as far as heaven and as one both invited and obedient to the heavenly call—give his attest to the following truths, and seek ever their re-impression on himself? That our greatest privilege is our opportunity for successful exertion; that renewed and increased longings for the prize both befits and helps to secure us, as called "so to run that we may obtain;" and that we cannot lay aside care or dispense with ardour while we live, seeing that painful efforts and encounters, for holiness sake, end only with the time of earthly preparation? And what is the prize for which we are to run and contend? How shall we name it, or describe it, otherwise than as "glory to be revealed?" Shall we say that it is heaven? Is there in that word a meaning at once distinct and impressive; one bringing the mind clear thoughts, and setting the heart aglow with hope? Men are at least fond of expressing their aims and wishes by general terms. We may consider that. Thus, we do not say we want only such a house, such a companion, so much leisure, and so much money; but that we want to be "well off," "to have a sufficiency," to be "happy." And will not the word "heaven" serve as a word for happiness of the spiritual sort, true happiness; indicating its source, its place, its quality, and that it may not be found fully here? Its source, God; its place, His presence; its quality, sympathy with Him; and earth the spot where it is visitant, but not resident. The man who says he seeks happiness, acknowledges in so saying, that it is not a few, or even many, particular things that he desires, but rather such a combination and succession of them as shall be in harmony with, and shall secure a state of heart which is itself the main possession. He may sometimes think of the heart as able to serve itself much with but small opportunities, if it were but "right," and sometimes think of it as if its joy were dependent upon great ones; but ever he thinks of some general condition of things and some settled temper of spirit, as what he needs; and it is so. Happiness is but the shadow of which heaven is the reality. He who lives for heaven, lives for the divine union of right heart and right conditions. The man seeking happiness will have his special pursuits, as his determinate objects, as house and land, garments and gold. And so will the man seeking heaven. But no one thing will content him. He follows on towards perfection. He both kindles and renews his desires for heaven by his view of particular good, and his effort for it. He is diligent to grow in knowledge, watchful to keep conscience undefiled. For in heaven, righteousness is the white raiment of saints, and in heaven they know as they are known. He is a lover of the company of good men; for what is there to do and to talk of in heaven, but goodness? In the "outward business of the house of God" he exercises an inner charity, discretion, and zeal; for though there is no temple in heaven, yet he who is faithful in least is faithful also in much; and how shall he who misbehaves himself in outer courts be fit for inner ones? To be engaged,

with an ardour that re-arises after weariness, in our own religious improvement; to try and perfect our thoughts, regulate our tempers and affairs holily, and promote the cause of peace and truth in their conjoint operations amongst men,—thus is to have the prize in view, for so we see and long for heaven in the heavenly. For as a man who says he is going up Snowdon or Ben Nevis, speaks, as of one thing, of an ascent which has its various stages, perils and pleasures, and points of view—speaks, as of one effort, of that which is a succession of efforts,—so he who speaks of going heavenwards is talking of a journey composed of many parts: a journey of many days, in which he will meet with many weathers, one in which many kinds of exertions will be needed, many toils, but joys too, experienced.

Amongst the Greeks, certain crowns were called perfect crowns, and these were the leafy. Chaplets that bespoke most honour were the best reward. And if our aim is good for its own sake, the honour that comes to us from God only, as lovers of Him and His righteousness, is our "perfect crown." There are heavenly crowns that may be won below, and these both of leaf and of gold; the gold crown for an outer success and power with men, the leafy crown of God's more private favour and honour. And in heaven leaf and gold shall be interwoven in each saintly crown; and so it shall be "perfect" beyond the manner of man's perfection. "Consider the end and thou wilt do nothing amiss." But on the way, is not exertion, and the peculiar sweetness of its occasional rests, our life? When we think of difficulty encountered for the truth's sake, and patience exercised for our brethren's, as of an opportunity given us for pleasing God, and unselfishly forwarding ourselves, how sweet are rest and afterthought! and the very pain of effort is part pleasure. But much of our religious effort is at once pleasure the purest, even if it be never long without some attempering pain. And common activity hallowed, is like work on a fine day, which is the more cheerful for sunshine, even though there frequently arise thoughts of how pleasant would it be away from business, to enjoy this sunshine quietly in the meadows. Our common life will be the pleasanter for being heavenly, though through heavenliness we are the oftener, and the more wistfully reminded of heaven. Onward! for our activity is not only requisite that we may possess the things desired, but it is a condition of power to enjoy what we possess.

Onward! is the word whether for individuals or companies. And the Christian confederacies are charged, too, to issue God's call to the world, His call—Repent, improve, advance! From them the light shines out, the word sounds out, the spirit of grace breathes out. Such should a Church be in its work and ministry, and in the life of its members, as to give to those who enter it the impression of a people arisen and arising—of an onward people. How else shall they make men forget the things they have just left behind, which in their first regeneracy are like those "fleshpots of Egypt" that Israel so keenly remembered? How else induce them to forget their own people, as the bride must forget all that will hinder perfect love of her new lord and new home? The glory, high aim, happy rest, and rich mercy of religion must be presented. The Church is to be a society diligently set on self-improvement, filled with an emulation that hinders no amity, possessing a wealth that incites to the liberality it makes befitting. The air of that Church should be new and renewing. Is it not a city set on a hill? It is not builded in a close and breezeless valley. And the Church is a "company of preachers." The Lord gave the word, "He called from heaven, Publish ye salvation! Cry "Come!" Utter the clear and heavenly call: Life and hope for the perishing and friendless. Onward! And oh, how men must needs remember some things that are behind, the remembrance of which in its sorrowfulness can only be moderated and hallowed by the pursuit of what is abidingly excellent, and attainable for a perpetual holding. They have forsaken their country; they have lost their beloved ones. "I greatly deceive myself," said Burke, when he lost his son, "if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world." How deep and awful are the wounds that time and truth can heal! Work! oh, mourner, work! So shall you in the stranger's land think of partings and the parted, of old times and dear ones, with moderate sorrow. Is not eternity before thee? Yes, but O Eternity, great Eternity! pity a frail mortal's love of time.

Does he not honour thee? For would he not have each good hour eternally his? That is a gracious activity which still seeks God and "eternal life." In the name of the triumphant mourner, Christ, may we speak and even sing forth such consolation that the quieted and revived heart shall still press towards its prize after deprivation and bereavement. Onward! go not back to the grave to weep there. This may be to go back to thine own perdition, yet not to the salvation of thy treasures. Are they not saved? The "prisoner of hope" is scarce a prisoner. Death cannot hold his prisoners, now that Christ hath triumphed gloriously. Those that are Christ's shall God bring with Him. We left them behind us, and they are in waiting for us before. Onward! faint with bleeding wounds, yet still pursuing as if they were not; scarred, yet strong; having learnt the great lesson of so loving all in God that He who cannot die is pledge to us that all that has died, which is worthy to live, shall indeed live again, and live glorified. Unhappy they who have no high aim, whose wishes shift, but not even like the scenes of a drama; a succession, but no unity. The order even of the world that now is, our personal world of work and pleasure, passes back to chaos if we look not upward for God's favour, and onward for rest with Him. But the chaos of our present world, of our confused thoughts, our broken, imperfect work, our dark, bursting sorrows—this itself shall come forth into an order at the last, showing itself as a fair, enlightened work of God, if we be His children, and live by faith for the inheritance reserved. And now let us remember that if we have fought a good fight, we have not yet finished our course. If we are enjoying a little reviving and fair weather, we are not come to our desired haven. If we have done a little work of faith and love, which God is too righteous to forget, we have not given ourselves to Him, as He Himself to us. If we have found a Saviour, He has not yet fully eased us. If we yearn for, and strive for the prize, it is ours in hope and not in possession. If we have attained, we are not yet perfect. If we are "more than others." we are also less. If we count our crowns as sure —so "faithful is He that promised," we must beware that "no man take it"—so frail and faithless are our hearts. If we have a name and a store, these we may lose; and these, therefore, it is ours to preserve and to increase. If we go not back unto perdition, we may yet go back unto shame and loss. Onward! then; and that by work, by thought, by prayer. Let holy hands be lifted to heaven, and then with diligent feet shall we tread "all the length of the celestial road." Onward!! from strength to strength. We are in trust with our own life, and have an account to render; in trust with the divine word and opportunity, and have a testimony to maintain; in trust with money and work of the world, for great ends of intelligence and happiness—for Godly ends. There is knowledge to be augmented; errors to be unmasked, attacked, dislodged. There is reason to be sweetened with charity; charity to be fortified with reason. There are faults to be subdued, graces to be cultured. Onward! for thank God we are advanced thus far, and oh! the blessings of a great work half-done is only executed by the woe of a great work half-done, and, therefore, not done at all. Why, there is sometimes music in the air around us, as of pilgrims once who are angels now, and descend to cheer us. Are not our own pious thoughts such songs as these? and they begin with an Onward, and end with Amen and amen. Still onward, mariner, towards the desired haven. Onward? racer, towards the mark and the prize.

At the Door.

I thought myself indeed secure.
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous, baby knocking and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of i s tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"'Tis I, O Father! only I"?

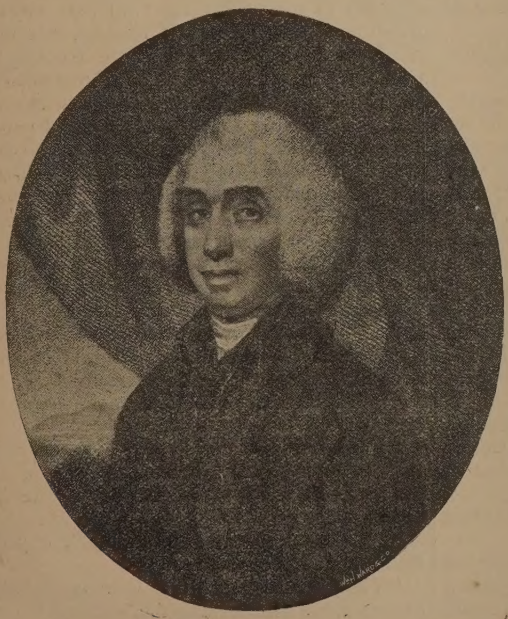
EUGENE FIELD.

Authentic Interviews.

THE REV. THEOPHILUS LINDSEY, M.A.

January 25, 1774.

The recent resignation by an English clergyman of his church and vicarage at Catterick, Yorks., has drawn a temporary notoriety to the name of the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey. Much questioning has arisen as to the real reason of his action and the new aim he has now set before him. Hearing that he had journeyed to London and taken lodgings in Holborn I sought him out, therefore (says our interviewer) in the hope of learning from his own lips the story of his change. Two small and humble rooms on the ground floor in Featherstone Buildings are his present quarters, and in one of them he was sitting amidst the scattered remnants from his library shelves. Having sold his plate and most of his books in order to meet his London expenses, he is consequently not blessed with this world's goods, and has to seek his comfort from other sources. He looks about fifty years of age, and has mild, gentle manners; he was, moreover, frank and candid in his conversation, and adopted no martyr tone.



THE REV. THEOPHILUS LINDSEY, M.A.

FOUNDER AND FIRST MINISTER OF ESSEX ST. CHAPEL.

Born at Middlewich, Cheshire, June 20, 1723. Died at Essex House, Nov. 3, 1808. Buried in Bunhill Fields, Nov. 11, 1808.

"What first led you into the ministry, Mr. Lindsey?"

"After the usual time spent at school and in the University, I entered into the ministry of the gospel out of a free and deliberate choice, with a full persuasion that it was the best way in which I could serve God and be useful to man." His school was at Leeds and his college St. John's, Cambridge.

"You had no difficulties or doubts at first in signing the ordination articles?"

"Some things in the thirty-nine articles of our Church I always disapproved. And I remember it struck me at the time as a strange unnecessary entanglement to put young men upon declaring and subscribing their approbation of such a large heterogeneous mass of positions and doctrines as are contained in the Liturgy, Articles, and Homilies. But I was not under any scruples or great uneasiness on this account."

"Then you had no early difficulty about the Trinity?"

"I had never much thought of or examined into the doctrine of the Trinity, but supposed all was right there."

"From what source did your doubts eventually arise?"

"Some years after many doubts concerning that doctrine, which had sprung up in the mind at different times and from various causes, compelled me to a closer study of the Scriptures with regard to it."

"But are not the Scriptures its best witness, together with the Church?"

"The more I searched the more I saw the little foundation there was for the doctrine commonly received and interwoven with all the public devotions of the church, and could not but be disturbed at a discovery so ill suiting my situation. For in the end I became fully persuaded, to use St. Paul's express words, 1 Cor. viii. 6, that "*there is but one God the Father*," and he alone to be worshipped. This appeared to be the uniform, unvaried language and practiced of the Bible throughout. And I found the sentiment and practice of Christians in the first and best ages corresponding with it."

"Then your intention to resign is of long standing?"

"In the progress and result of this inquiry my scruples wrought so far as to put me upon actually taking some previous steps with a design to relieve myself by quitting my preferment in the Church."

"What prevented or delayed your resolution from taking place?"

"Firstly, when the moment of determination came, I felt a reluctance at casting myself out of my profession and way of usefulness that quite discouraged me. Secondly, many worthy persons, and some of my own acquaintances, whose opinions varied little from mine, could nevertheless satisfy themselves so as to remain in the church and officiate in it. Why must I alone be so singularly nice and scrupulous? Thirdly, it was suggested that I was not author or contriver of the things imposed, and ought to rest satisfied and wait for a change. In the meantime I had it in my power to forward the desired work by preparing men's minds for it. Therefore if I could in any way of interpretation reconcile the prescribed forms with the Scripture in my own mind I was not only justified, but to be commended."

"So you remained in the Church and felt at peace?"

"These considerations altogether were of weight to divert me from the thought of quitting my station, and brought me in time to remain tolerably quiet and easy in it. And I hoped for the time when a further reformation should come."

"And you went on hoping—until when?

"Thus I went on in the discharge of my duty until a few years ago, when from some providential awakenings I secretly but firmly resolved to seek an opportunity to relinquish a situation that was now become not very supportable to me."

"You were a member, I believe, of the Feathers Tavern Association, and signed the petition praying relief from subscription. Do you consider that effort to have been in vain?"

"The service done to Christ's true religion by the Clergy Association and petition to Parliament has been great and widespread, notwithstanding it failed of immediate success in its primary object. A spirit of ingenuous enquiry has been stirred up in the minds of many."

"But the rejection of the petition, perhaps, hastened your decision?"

"From the first that I engaged with the associated clergy for procuring the removal of subscription to formularies of faith and doctrine drawn up by fallible men, I foresaw, that if no relief was obtained, nor any prospect opened of a reformation of the liturgy with regard to the great object of worship, or of a disposition to indulge a latitude to private persons to make discretionary alterations in it for themselves by the express rule of holy scripture, it would certainly terminate as to myself in resignation of my office in the church; and I thought this would be a fitting season for it."

"And you are prepared to abide the result?"

"Upon the most calm and serious deliberation and weighing of every circumstance, I am obliged to give up my benefice, whatever I suffer by it, unless I would lose all inward peace and hope of God's favour and acceptance."

"What, then, is your intention in coming to London?"

"I am desirous to have the Common Prayer Book reformed and the public worship of God in it made more conformable to the holy scriptures."

"And the Reformed Prayer Book implies a Reformed Church for its use?"

"The peculiar reason for forming a separate congregation, distinct from the National Church, is that we may be at liberty to worship God alone after the command and example of our Saviour Christ. Whenever the experiment is made I doubt not but it will be found that an improved liturgy, brought nearer to the standard of holy scripture, will be generally acceptable to

the nation and contribute to the peace as well as to the promotion of true religion."

However mistaken Mr. Lindsay may be in his reading of theology, and however forlorn his plan for a revision of the liturgy, there can be no question as to his simple piety and his noble integrity. He is no mere adventurer seeking public applause; he is no recusant Dissenter attacking the Established Church. He quits that church with genuine reluctance, but at the call of conscience. We understand that he has already been invited to Presbyterian pulpits both at Liverpool and Norwich, but he has declined in each case. It will be seen that he regards his mission as distinctly one to the church of the nation. His aim is to found a Reformed Church of England on such a basis as should admit of the communion of Christians of all denominations, and the bond of which is to be a scriptural, non-compulsory liturgy. We shall await with much interest the result of his experiment.

Two Opposing Tendencies.

A consideration of the conflicting and mutually exclusive influences at present at work in our Churches, by the Rev. Edgar I. Fripp, B.A., minister of All Souls' Church, Belfast.

III.

The New Sectarian Influence: How it has Grown.

In previous papers I have said that the founders of our churches, at the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century, refused to impose a form of belief as a condition of membership, or to label their buildings with a doctrinal name, because they believed that Christian fellowship rested on something far deeper and more permanent than intellectual agreement. They knew, by recent bitter experience, how creeds and theological titles hindered religious communion, how these things not merely stayed the natural growth of doctrinal knowledge, but, *what was infinitely worse*, put the emphasis on correct thinking rather than on devout living, concealed rather than brought to light the common sonship of men to God, and stirred up continual strife in the Christian fold.

Our forefathers, as I have said, saw much of theological disputation; and they were sick of it. They wanted *religion*. They wanted warfare with sin, not with views. They wanted righteousness and love, and simple, heartfelt worship, and the building-up of good lives. "Let us have churches," they said, "distinguished for their Christianity, not for their opinions. Away with these articles and confessions which have turned the Church of Christ into a theological arena. Let us have churches without doctrinal limitations, and, therefore, free to give themselves heart and soul entire to the work of Christ,—the work of saving souls and bringing the kingdom of God on earth. Let us dedicate them simply to the *Worship and Service of God*. Let worship and service, not particular doctrines, be their distinguishing sign."

But, as I have pointed out, the noble religious impulse which established these free churches, from various causes gradually, and then rapidly, lessened; and in our time it is being superseded by a doctrinal energising.

Not committed to particular theological tenets, our churches began, very soon after their foundation, to move away from the rest of Christendom, and to lie open to the charge of heresy. Ministers and congregations were attacked for advanced views and thrown on the defensive. The more doctrinally zealous yielded to the temptation to use their pulpits for theological controversy. The Christian exhortation was more and more displaced by doctrinal apologies. Then Priestley and Belshan carried the war into the enemy's camp, and made their churches little better than theological debating grounds. Belsham, in defiance of his trust deed,* turned Lindsey's Essex Street Chapel into a *Unitarian Chapel*. In the middle of the last century, when most of our congregations were Arian, there was no serious desire to label the churches as Arian. The sense of the original intention of the founders was sufficiently strong to prevent it. But as the memory of the founders receded into the past, and the polemical and sectarian

* Mr Freeston's words will correct an error widely current among us. "Lindsey was not a sectarian, and he was not a dogmatist; these were precisely the things with which he had no sympathy. He had no interest in *views*, as such, never preached even a doctrinal sermon, and never attached the name Unitarian to his building. It is not to be found in the trust deed."

spirit of the new leaders grew stronger, the primary function of our churches seemed more and more to be not emphasis on the common religious life, but pioneership in theological thought. A "Unitarian Society" — with a "preamble to include Arians"—was established in 1791 in London. Others followed in the south and west of England†. Men, in 1806, by the foundation of the "Unitarian Fund," began what has proved the greatest curse that has ever visited us, *the endowment of Unitarian doctrine.* The element of *money* entered for the first time into our theological belief and nomenclature. Our forefathers had the wisdom not to endow their Trinitarianism, nor their Arminianism, nor their Arianism, what they endowed was religion. But Unitarianism, which is no more a permanent unquestioned phase of thought than the preceding, *has* been endowed, and richly endowed; and it has become *a pecuniary interest to ministers and congregations to become and remain Unitarian.* In 1825 the "Unitarian Society," the "Unitarian Fund," and a third society, established a short time before for the protection of the civil rights of Unitarians, were amalgamated into the British and Foreign Unitarian Association; and from that year *a doctrinal association has assumed ecclesiastical functions among us, with money as its chief persuasion.* Proceedings in connection with the Dissenters' Chapels Act, 1844, revived the knowledge of our non-subscribing principles, and the memory of our ancestry, and the sectarian movement was checked. But before long, in spite of the efforts of the highest minds among us to do something better, it was carried on with greater energy than ever. An increasing number of churches turned their backs on the founders and labelled themselves *Unitarian;* and in 1854 a *Unitarian* training school, with a more exclusive name than any orthodox school of the kind known to me, was established in Manchester.

Let me give a couple of instances of the growth of the sectarian spirit which have come home closely to my own experience. As a schoolboy I worshipped in one of our chapels in the South West of England. This chapel has a free trust, and for more than a century it was known as the "Meeting House," or "Old Meeting House." In an evil hour, in defiance of the trust deed, the name was changed to *Unitarian Chapel*, and this title was cut, in deep large letters, into the very stonework of the building. For many years now it has warned off all but Unitarian worshippers, saying to the great mass of passers-by, "You are not wanted here unless you can accept our view of Christ." And the other Sunday the minister said to his congregation, "Whether the time will ever come for removing the name from the front of this chapel, I do not know, but I know that the time has not come yet. If the time ever does come the congregation with their open-trust will be properly free to act—that is, the all-important point. At present the action would be wholly misunderstood; ninety-nine out of every hundred would suppose that we did it because we were ashamed of the name and wished to hide our real opinions."

The minister did not say two things. He did not say that the congregation with their free non-doctrinal trust *had no business to put a doctrinal name on their building, and that in doing so they had acted directly contrary to the wishes of their Trinitarian, Arminian, and Arian predecessors and founders.* And he did not say that if ninety-nine out of every hundred of the public were to accuse them of hiding their convictions for removing this false doctrinal title, it was the congregation's, not the public's, fault. If the public were to make this charge it would be because the congregation had set up as their banner their passing theological beliefs, not the permanent principle of their founders—*the worship and service of God, without imposition of particular theological views.* At present this chapel is the only one in the town, I believe, with a free trust, and yet it is the only one with a doctrinal name, and the only one in the town which excites in the passer-by the theological antagonism which its founders sought above everything to minimise.

This taunt of cowardice against our forefathers and against us who are true to their non-subscribing principle is unjust as well as ignorant.

I remember in my early days of doctrinal enthusiasm, when I thought all men were fools or knaves who believed in the Trinity, I used to say to Dr. Sadler, whom I had known and loved from childhood, "Why don't you frankly and bravely put your Unitarianism on your chapel

†Nowhere are our churches weaker to-day than in these districts, where doctrinal energy earliest showed itself—London and the south and west of England.

board."? Why don't you write plainly "Rosslyn Hill Unitarian Chapel?" And he replied in his strong, quiet way. "*Because we have the courage to stand for something better.*" It took me some years to understand all this meant. A higher courage is needed to stand for "mere Christianity," than for Unitarianism. When all the churches round are flourishing their doctrinal flags, it is harder to stand for Catholicity than to wave a doctrinal flag too. But this higher courage at Rosslyn Hill has now degenerated to the lower. When I was last there I saw the miserable new Shibboleth on the notice board. None but *Unitarians* are now welcomed at worship—unless to be put right in their opinions!

In many other places the same tendency is manifest. The least acquaintance with our history in the past hundred years discovers that the most active element in our midst has been not the old religious impulse, but the modern doctrinal zeal; and at the present time the desire to *Unitarianise* is the one prominent feature of our existence. Through one man's labours chiefly, the British and Foreign Unitarian Association has recently doubled its income. Another active minister finds money to keep open a dozen or more doctrinal tabernacles, and to issue a weekly paper for the propagation of his peculiar type of Anti-Trinitarianism. In two years one lady has issued, at her own expense, a hundred thousand doctrinal leaflets. The old newspaper, which was once the accepted organ of our free churches, has become the mouthpiece of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association; and the one word that seems to fire the heart and loosen the tongue of many of our laymen and laywomen is the word *Unitarian*.

All honour to these workers. It is unselfish, good work. It is work which has to be done. Every worker is to be respected. But this is not the work of the Church of Christ. Jesus did not give his life to make theological converts. This is not the work for which our churches were founded. It is not the work for which our forefathers left or stood apart from the Establishment, sacrificing many of them their livings and hopes of preferment. It is not the Gospel as we have learnt it from men of our own time, such as Travers Madge, Charles Beard, John James Tayler, Mr. Thom, Dr. Sadler and Dr. Martineau.

When I think of these men, some of whom it has been my privilege to know and to learn from with love, I feel ashamed of the degenerate spirit among us.

What, for instance, are Dr. Martineau's old pupils doing to allow his influence to go for little or nothing in our public deliberations? Again and again he has tried to draw us into line. His last and finest effort was at the Leeds Conference in 1888. At that conference he endeavoured to organise our scattered churches into one *Free Church* on a non-subscribing basis, *but Sectarianism defeated him.* Yes, Sectarianism, nothing more nor less. The red-herring of doctrinal controversy between the conservative and advanced wings of our theology was introduced, and the latter, fearing for their freedom at the hands of the former, refused to federate with them, and the magnificent scheme was destroyed. *That scheme was the true safeguard of our liberties.* Men of the inquisitorial type must be met by organisation not by disorganisation. Our enemies are not the advanced men nor the conservatives, but the *Sectarians* of either school, and Dr Martineau's federation would have protected us from them. If we cannot organise on a non-subscribing basis, then we prove the incompetency of non-subscription, and leave the field open to the sectarians. And who can doubt that since that disastrous vote at Leeds, the sectarian element has enormously developed? The British and Foreign Unitarian Association has grown to be a dangerous ecclesiastical power. Its annual report speaks with the utmost audacity of "our Unitarian Churches," and of itself as "our ecclesiastical centre," in a way which is only tolerable because we have well nigh forgotten the principle for which our ancestors suffered, and the inheritance which they committed to our care. And one of our most active leaders, in a pamphlet issued by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, dated 1892, "The Story of Two Associations," holds up for our example the union of the American National Conference as a mere "deliberative body" with the American Unitarian Association as its "executive arm." Are we going to fall into this kind of creed-trap?

Shall our Triennial Conference be a mere "deliberative body" with the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, as its executive arm?"

Let us beware. And let us beware above everything of the sophistry that would make us believe that the word "Unitarian" stands, not for "Anti-Trinitarian," but for "free and unfettered inquiry." Listen to these words, from the writer just referred to. "If people ask: How can your churches be at once free and Unitarian? tell them, and if necessary din it into them, what is the simple fact, that it is just because our churches have been free in the past that they are Unitarian to-day, and that it is part of our Unitarism to-day to believe in freedom, and to leave our churches free for ever." ("Church Extension," British and Foreign Unitarian Association, 1892, p. 10.) Here, within a mantle of truth is a mischievous falsehood. It is true that because our churches were free in the past their *congregations* are mostly Unitarian to-day. But if our *churches* are made and labelled Unitarian to day, they cease to be free, and are hindered, if not absolutely fettered, for future development.

Is this sectarianism to enslave us? I do not know. It looks as if it might. In London the cause of non-subscription is almost lost. Most of our churches there have sunk into doctrinal chapels. That as *Unitarian Chapels* they are dying is only to be expected, and is not a matter of great regret. Having yielded to the sectarian spirit we can scarcely desire them to live. But the real regret is that these churches, which once stood for the undying verities of religion, and not for any mere questionable opinion, should have been false to their mission; and it is to be feared that the example of London will not prove a sufficient warning. The sectarian spirit is invading us all, and bringing death in its train. *Can we resist it before it is too late?* That is the question which must deeply concern everyone who loves the principles of his forefathers. Shall the history of our churches become one more pitiful story of spiritual decay and sectarian victory? Can this be averted? I believe it can, and I will try to show how in my next and concluding paper.

[*To be continued.*]

Manchester College (Oxford) Letter.

A sudden rush of cabs with contorted bicycles outside and pallid undergraduates inside; some hustling and bustling and tumbling about of luggage at the station; farewell cries of "a jolly vac!"—and Oxford Streets are empty. The citizen misses those hurrying forms with books under one arm and a gown tightly rolled under the other. For term is over and the colleges are deserted save for a few wintry old Dons who have been here apparently since the founding of the University and never leave. Term is over. Without affecting any supernatural love of lectures, we regret the fact. No sooner have backs been bent to work than the hooter goes and tools are dropped. The theory is that during term we are given a programme of the study which is to be pursued in the vacation. A very good theory too, which accords more or less with practice However, whilst in Oxford we must do as Oxford does. We tremble to think of the possibility of the committee so far forgetting local traditions as to arrange for terms of ten or twelve weeks. After all, those who hunger for more brain-food diet can easily discover means for satisfying their appetite. But to the facts. The first thing to be recorded is the gift of two busts. They were presented by an esteemed minister to whom the College is under many obligations. When they first appeared in all the solid majesty of white marble we at once identified Socrates. Certain well-defined features which it would be invidious to particularise render his massive countenance familiar. But the other man? Plato of course. In that "of course" lurks the fallacy for it turns out, we believe, to be Zeno. They are now in the library and add a solemn dignity to their resting place. We should be glad to see an enlargement of the calendar of saints, and one or two busts such as these placed in the vestibule of the chapel. We suggest nothing. The Tate and Donkin lecturers are to be congratulated on their success in the recent School Board Elections. Mr. Wood retains his seat on the Birmingham Board. Mr. Graham Wallas has been appointed to a most important and responsible position on the London Board, that of Chairman of the School Management Committee. The joy of the students would be greater did they not know that owing to the severe duties of this office Mr. Wallas will in all probability resign his chair at Manchester College. He has our sincerest good wishes.

On the last Sunday of term Mr Wood was the special preacher, and in the evening a very successful musical service was held. Professor Carpenter conducted the devotional part, and Mr. Wood addressed the congregation. Although the choir has lost the valuable services of several of last Session's third year men, it has been strengthened this term by new voices and maintains its usual excellence.

An anonymous contributor has furnished the appended account of the doings of the Shakespeare Society, the Martineau Club, and the Discussion Society.

Shakespeare.—The second meeting in the term of this hoary institution occurred on Wednesday, November 24th. Mr. Löfi made an excellent if somewhat retiring host at tea, after which selections were read with great gusto from the comedy of Midsummer Night's Dream. The perilous business proceedings having been con-

ducted in safety through the customary obstacles and hazards, the Society proceeded to an unusually vigorous outburst of dance and song.

Martineau.—This juvenile but felicitous and urbane branch of the College Social life had the pleasure on Friday, Nov. 26th, of hearing Dr. Ahmed Shah recount some of his experiences and observations in Lower Tibet. His tales of love, war, commerce, justice, medicine, travel, and disguise, in most of which fields he has himself been active, were rendered further interesting by lantern slides from his own picturesque and characteristically Eastern drawings.

Discussion.—The two hundred and something meeting of this Society was pronounced by a member of more than twenty years standing to be one of the most interesting he had ever attended. Mr. Löfi in a speech that was later characterised as showing that shrewd observation of our national institutions which only a foreigner can attain, advocated "that in the opinion of this House, more practical, even if less strictly religious, methods should be adopted by our Free Churches, of reaching the people." In spite of Mr. Löfi's eloquence and common-sense his position was severely damaged by Mr. Shaw's exposure of his arguments. But the house was once more restored to sympathy with the opener by Mr. Hall's moving appeal to experience and results. Mr. P. E. Richards, of Jesus College, contributed some philosophic observations towards the solution of the difficulty. Finally, Mr. Wicksteed moved as an amendment "That in the opinion of this house, the truest religious work of our Free Churches must include methods more acceptable to the people." This was seconded by Professor Carpenter, but was not adopted by Mr. Löfi, who replied in a few words. The Chairman summed up in favour of Mr. Shaw's position, but not against the amendment, which was then carried *nem. con.*"

The following report of the St. Ebbe's Mission has been supplied by Mr. Alfred H ll, B.A., whose self-denying services in this labour of love are keenly appreciated:—

"The work at the Institute goes steadily on. The Sunday School has been better attended this term. The Sunday evening services have maintained the usual level of attendance. Including friends connected with the College Chapel, who regularly attend to assist in the service, the average congregation has been 30 We are glad to say that though we only occasionally see fresh faces, there are certain people who never miss. The services this term have been conducted by Messrs. Hicks, Homer, A Hall and Shaw. Mr. Gwilym Evans, of Jesus College, brightened up one service by singing a sacred solo. The evening classes are in fine working order. We have two classes in the week for games, etc. The class for the younger children of the school, conducted by Miss Carpenter and Miss Parker, has become so large that only children who were present on the previous Sunday to receive a ticket are allowed to attend. A Band of Hope has been started under the guidance of Miss Upton and Miss Drummond, who have taken Sunday and evening classes since the commencement of the Mission. The Mothers' Meeting, which is carried on by Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs. Raworth, has been better attended lately than at any other time. Mrs. and Miss Cotton's Sewing Class for Girls has been limited to a certain number. Since the lamented loss of Mrs. Upton, Mrs. Eagleston has been our visitor to collect the small amounts that the people are able to save Two concerts have been held. We boast that the programmes were as good as any chapel in Oxford could provide. At the Harvest Festival the sermon was preached by Dr. Drummond. A special service was held in the afternoon for children. We have arranged that once every two months there shall be a children's service instead of a Sunday school. The first of these was held on November 28th, when Miss Upton gave the address. The teachers in the Sunday school and some of the workers visit the parents of the children. It may be a surprise to some to know that there are many in Oxford who suffer from extreme poverty. In the vacations it is very difficult even for the industrious to obtain a livelihood. There is no staple industry, and as soon as the undergraduates go down many people are thrown out of work. The circumstances are thus altogether peculiar, and our difficulties, though not greater than that of other small missions, are different. We have sustained a loss through the departure of Mr. How for America, who was enthusiastic in mission work. The Men's Brotherhood has not met this term, the attendance having been very small last winter. It is hoped that it will be revived at the beginning of next year. On the whole the work is more promising than last winter, and the movement has already become so important that several sympathisers have discussed the engagement of a regular missionary."

The reader must be content with hearsay evidence respecting the first meeting in term of Social Union. This Union was formed with the intention of meeting a difficulty which arises from the impossibility of having a regularly constituted congregation attached to a College Chapel. It is the purpose of the Social Union to bring together those belonging more directly to the College and the friends from the other colleges and the city who use the chapel on Sundays for public worship. The first meeting was not quite so successful in point of numbers as could have been desired. Conversation, songs, recitations, pianoforte solos, with an interval for refreshments, made up the enjoyable programme of the evening. The second meeting was held on Monday, December 6th, when Mr. Sen gave a truly wonderful account of the Indian *Brahmo Somaj*, of which his saintly uncle, Chunder Sen, was the leader. It is to be hoped that before Mr. Sen leaves England he may publish, for the benefit of English readers, a short description of a movement that deserves much greater attention than it has yet received. Manchester College claims Mr. Muirhead as a distinguished *alumnus*, and now adds to her list of philosophers Drs. Hicks and Mellone, whose books have quite recently been published. May these works bring glory to the authors and to the college, and huge profits to the philosophers. Before this letter appears we shall all have done dire penance for indulgence in mince pies and plum puddings. Christmas festivities may not suit hard-working asceties like ourselves, but there are some things which our sisters have a right to expect from us. We resign ourselves, therefore, to the inevitable and contemplate our destiny with a grim resolve. The Greetings of the Season to all!

J. M. Lloyd Thomas.

Gleanings from the Biography of Tennyson.

This paper is not meant to be a review or a critical estimate either of the poet or his biography. It will contain probably little of interest for those who have spent some quiet and happy hours with the two green-backed volumes, so kindly reminiscent of the time when we could still rush to the bookseller's for an early copy of the new volume of poems. Such days are now no more, and with them one of the noble pleasures of life has fled. There is no writer among the living who has such a fascination for us, whom we wait for so impatiently. And so perhaps the best comfort is to be taken back to tread the old pleasances once more with a new interpreter at our side. We felt the joy of this return when, a few years ago, Mr. Stopford Brooke gave us his book of beautiful and delicate appreciations ; but now it is the Poet himself who takes us by the hand, and to the fascination of his poetry, which must always remain his greatest gift to the world, there is added the companionship of a strong and gracious personality.

It was not entirely without alarm that we heard that the promised biography was to fill two large volumes. We confess to the heresy of thinking that most modern biographies are too long. We find more illumination in Mr. Hutton's brief life of Cardinal Newman than in the two massive tomes which Mr. Purcell has devoted to Cardinal Manning. The one is literature, a living book ; the other is only a collection of materials. But in this instance, at least, we must own that our fears were groundless. We have not found onrselves skipping long pages full of trivial personal details or the minutiæ of dead controversies. The book is artistic, and leaves a distinct impression on the mind. It may fairly claim to rank as literature. Whether it will take its place among the great biographies, time alone can show ; and the delight of reading it is still too fresh for us to venture on prophecy.

Now that the first chorus of praise has grown faint in the distance some critics of the *nil admirari* school are beginning to grow captious once more. It is said that it is a Boswellian book, full of unscrupulous hero-worship, natural to filial piety ; but, of course, there is another side, and the public should not be deceived. We are, however, far from believing that hero-worship is necessarily false, or that love is disqualified from reading the meaning of life. It is, indeed, not always desirable, from the point of view of the larger world, that a biography should be written by a near relative. It is distance that gives perspective and proportion. But in the present case love is combined with candour and a remarkable degree of self-suppression ; while the closeness of personal intimacy is balanced by a prevailing sense of fitness in what is given to the public. The result is a book that is sufficiently personal and intimate to be interesting, and at the same time one which makes a distinct impression of truthfulness. It is not any the less truthful because the writer has remembered that love-letters and some other things besides are not for the eye of the world. The idiosyncrasies and small failings of daily life, the weaknesses which cling to every character in the making, are not to be gazed upon just because they belong to a great man. There is such a thing as good manners in biography as well as in personal intercourse.

The interests which are stirred by the book are of a varied kind. There are numerous passages of illuminating criticism. There are many glimpses into the faith of the poet and his familiarity with the religious problems of his time. But the revelation of the poet himself is its chief gift. We know now Tennyson the man. Only those who have read the biography can realise how great this gift is. It adds one more figure, full of stateliness and charm, to our portrait gallery of great Englishmen. It is a character which is distinctively English both in its strength and its limitations. It has none of the wild impulsiveness, the vehement passion, the weird imaginative power which turns even the untutored Celt into an unconscious poet. He is civilised through and through. His chivalry is not of the primeval world, for he is always master of his own romantic ideals. He loves moderation and self-control. His very simplicity has about it an air of distinction. He somewhere expresses his preference for "great *still* books." It is an epithet which is most appropriate to his own life. Unfretted by the storms and fierce passions which have so often made shipwreck of poetic genius, his life was full of *stillness*, and found its fit setting in the midst

of the quiet, sunny English landscapes which he has claimed for his own. The impression of his life is the same as that made by his poetry; for as a poet he is subjective to an unusual degree. It matters little to us whether Robert Browning lives in Florence or London; he loses himself in the strange crowd of men and women whose lives he has analysed and portrayed. And consequently his life has very little value as a commentary on his poetic work. But it is not so with Tennyson. Though he attempted more work in a distinctly dramatic form than Browning, he was really deficient in the power of dramatic imagination which was the latter's peculiar gift. "The Ring and the Book," or "Men and Women," might have been composed anywhere. "In Memoriam" and "Maud" are English to the core. We must not, however, labour this point too closely, lest we should seem to depreciate the real greatness and the original force of Tennyson's personality. This is far from being our intention. The object of the foregoing remarks is simply to illustrate the reason for the close connection between the great body of his poetic work and the incidents and surroundings of his life. His biography and his poetry have the same atmosphere.

Apart from this more personal interest, and it is a very absorbing one, these two volumes are a mine of literary and poetic criticism. No reader can rise from a careful perusal of them without gaining a higher standard of poetic judgment and a clearer appreciation of the more subtle beauties of poetic form. Tennyson was fond of charging his countrymen with being insensible to the music of words. His son has at least done something to remove this reproach. For thus to see the poet at work, with his marvellous power of self-criticism, and his severity to his own creations when by a single word they offended his musical ear, is far more illuminating than volumes of ordinary criticism. We are not simply told that words have a musical value, we are made to feel that it is so. Perhaps we should not be far wrong in saying that this sense of the music in words is one of the most distinctive gifts of Tennyson as a poet. But, then, combined with this there was a masculine intellect which guarded his verse from the danger of becoming simply sweet and luscious, and a power of close and patient observation of nature which kept it close to truth and reality. We recognise at once the minute faithfulness of his descriptions of nature. Nothing seems to escape his patient eye. He sees the moon shining in the eye of a nightingale. He is not a scientific man only because he has the rarer gift of poetry.

Of Tennyson's wide literary sympathies, and his many explanatory remarks about his own poems, there is no time to speak. When an explanation was required to illustrate some personal reference, or to clear some real obscurity, he did not withhold it; but he was severe, with a deserved severity, upon the earth-worms who tried to fix their own narrow interpretation upon his allegories, or expected him to attach precise meanings to the higher flights of the imagination. When he was once asked whether they were right who interpreted the three Queens in the Passing of Arthur, as Faith, Hope, and Charity, this was his answer: "They are right, and they are not right. They mean that, and they do not. They are three of the noblest of women. They are also those three Graces, but they are much more. I hate to be tied down to say '*This* means *that*,' because the thought within the image is much more than any one interpretation." Here is another saying bearing upon the same subject,—Has this idea, so fundamental for the appreciation of all great poetry ever found better or simpler expression? "Poetry is like shot-silk, with many glancing colours. Every reader must find his own interpretation according to his own ability, and according to his sympathy with the poet."

It remains for us to say a few words upon the light which is thrown by this biography upon the religion of Tennyson. It is simply a re-affirmation of the religious teaching of his poetry in the more precise and cautious language of prose. But it is for that very reason of the deepest interest. It transforms for the moment the poet into the thinker, grappling at close quarters with "the spectres of the mind," aware of the causes of modern doubt, and the strength as well as the weakness of its position, deeply versed in the speculations of philosophy, the obstinate questionings of science, and the patient researches of historical criticism. It is not a dreamer lulled to security by beautiful feelings, but a thinker, strong and alert, who confronts us with the message, which he has wrung from the

experience of his own soul and the stubborn facts of life, about God and human destiny. And knowing this, that in these strait ways of thought "he made a stronger faith his own," we follow him with fuller confidence when he scatters the dark forebodings of the mind with the simple "I have felt" of the believing heart. The religion of Tennyson is of a kind that refuses to be classified. He is an intensely religious poet, but it is not in the sense in which the author of "The Christian Year" is a religious poet. He has no ecclesiastical position to defend. There is no definite religious movement to which he wishes to lend a voice and song. He clung, with intense conviction, to a few religious realities as deep as life. He retained all that is most fundamental both in the thought and the emotion of English religion—God, who is Eternal Life and Love, Jesus Christ, and Immortality. He cared little for the precise definitions of the creeds. He looked with pitying regret upon the divisions and bitterness of religious parties. He believed in the religion of all good men. Catholic in sympathy, pure in heart, spiritual in faith, truthful to himself and to the world, he has been one of the deepest religious influences of our time. We believe that this biography will do much to convince us how rightfully that position belongs to him. It reveals him to us as a clear-eyed thinker as well as an inspired dreamer, who, alike in thought and song, acknowledged no lower master than that "Immortal Love," which is the most precious legacy of Christianity to mankind.

W. H. D.

You will confer the greatest benefits on your city, not by raising its roofs, but by exalting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.—*Epictetus.*

In humblest guise to do the greatest service betokens the heavenly temper. And if we have not that temper, and cannot discern its dignity and beauty, it is only by being born from above that we can see it or enter into it.—*James Drummond.*

If you ask me for an ideal, an example, a standard; if you say, "What, then is the higher life?" I will tell you: it is the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.—*Benjamin Jowett.*

Cymbeline and the Quarrellers.

Cymbeline, the king, and his queen
Went with a lordly train to ride,
To see the land in its summer pride,
And what besides there was to be seen.

Prancing along with laugh and song
They found a quarrel of man and wife;
And these when asked of the cause of strife,
Each on the other cast the wrong.

Each one said, "That ever I wed—
Wed with a creature so froward and ill!"
Spake the king with a right good will,
Let them both to the palace be led!"

That same night, when lamps were bright
Over the lords and ladies there,
Cymbeline said with his kingly air,
"Bring the two we found at fight!"

Mute with shame the culprits came,
And each was set to stand alone
Out before the royal throne,
While Cymbeline spoke to both by name,

Saying, "As wide as side from side
Of the heaven above us I set you twain;
Each is free to marry again—
Choose from the court a bridegroom and bride."

Each in guise of blank surprise
Looked around on the circle there,
Lords so fine and ladies so fair—
Ended in the other's eyes.

"Choose!" cried the king; "by my signet ring
I promise to wed you with your choice!"
They scarcely heard the royal voice,
So passing wonderful seemed the thing.

Round she gazed, her vision dazed
With splendours of manly form and face;
He beheld the womanly grace
Deckt in jewels that melted and blazed.

Then the scene and all between
Their tender wooing vanished away;
There came a waft of their marriage day,
And all the sweetness that had been.

She was there, that maiden fair,
As first he saw her when times were glad,
And he was there, that blooming lad,
As he first went by with his jaunty air.

Then the thought of their babes was brought—
Into each other's arms they sprang!
Loud and loud the rafters rang,
And noble eyes with tears were fraught.

'You choose the best, and leave the rest!"
Cymbeline cried with a shaking voice;
"I promised to wed you with your choice,
And each has chosen the way I guessed!"

WADE ROBINSON.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

The Blind Fisher and His Daughter.

He's but a poor blind fisher,
Whose fishing days are done,
And she a tiny maiden
Whose life has just begun ;
Yet all day long beside the sea,
Sit Ned and little Marjorie.

Ah ! you should see her lead him
To the low bench on the pier ;
She bids him lean upon her,
And tells him not to fear ;
With smiles like sunshine on the sea—
This little cheerful Marjorie.

In vain the children call her
To ramble and to rove,
And you may try to tempt her
With things that children love ;
She'd never leave him, no, not she—
Dear, loving, little Marjorie.

He's like a frail old vessel,
His sun is in the west ;
Alone he'll soon be sailing
To find the land of rest ;
But there, beside the eternal sea,
He'll wait for faithful Marjorie.

An Address to Boys.*

By the Rev. Bernard J. Snell, M.A., B.Sc.

In old Lewisham days we dubbed the committee "partridges" all; I know not for what reason, save that they came on us in covies and we made game of them. Now I am a committee man myself. "O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!" I will not say that all I am and have I owe to this school, for I should be opening the door for the cynic to remark, "Don't mention a little thing like that." And in truth, alas! I have other creditors.

To guide me to a subject for my address I have summoned various vivid recollections of similar occasions. We had all sorts of addresses, and all of them, more or less, depressed our spirits. The most successful of the lot was on a day when the speaker was unavoidably detained at business. We never forgot that happy time. And indeed how should address be welcome? The holidays begin to-morrow, and intruding speech seems to stay the clock-wheels. How should it be otherwise? After a full term's instruction final counsels by an outsider are the last crushing straw which even patience resents. And to-day, with a specially congested programme, you are threatened with several addresses! In the brave days of old we never suffered like that.

*Delivered at Caterham Congregational School, July 28th, 1897.

In Central Africa court etiquette demands that a retainer who brings news to the King shall stand on one leg while reporting it. It is a practice that saves time and protects his sable majesty from bores (I rather hesitated to allude to that custom, lest some of my hearers should desire to apply it indiscriminately to all ministers, and then those among us who are poor gymnasts would suffer terribly). I will pack my advice into as small a compass as the absence of a hydraulic press will permit.

Of course you ought to become abysses of knowledge, bottomless pits of information;—but my counsel is of infinitely more important matters than that:—

1.—*Keep clean.* Wesley used to say that cleanliness is next to godliness. I believe that he stated only part of the truth. Cleanliness is part of godliness; and if some old saints were dirty in their habits, the less saints they. A wholesome horror of dirt saves a lad from a whole herd of vile things and filthy communications. The whole secret of that great Victorian discovery of anti-septic surgery is cleanliness; that is the core of sanitary science; and that is the chief lesson of modern medicine. I am told that criminals in gaol dread the bath as they dread the treadmill. I recollect our whilom weekly tub in a cellar, which was also the boot-room: it is not to be described, let it remain among "things unattempted yet in prose and rhyme."

You can do anything if you keep clean. Sir Galahad was strong because pure. "Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes, cease to do evil, learn to do well:"—that is the best text for boys. Lies are dirt: keep your lips clean from them. All lies are mean; the least flagitious of them is the lie told by weakness, in trembling self-defence, but even that is the shield of a coward. I have almost no hope of a boy who lies to his school-fellows. Keep your hands clean from mean things. Play fair. Of course you are keen on games; the boy who is unfit to play is unfit to be sent to school, is unfit to grow up to manhood. Toe the line honestly; take your share of the knocks; don't skulk; if the umpire decides against you, grin and bear it; if you are beaten, take it handsomely. The art of life is in learning to play second fiddle really well. The friends best worth having are the men who can bear defeat graciously and be none the worse for it. All the fun is gone out of a game directly you begin to cheat in order to win, and all the best gladness goes out of life when a man stoops to vile ways. Hold up your head, keep yourself above the mud, respect yourself too much to be dirty.

2.—*Cherish your dreams.* Wordsworth sang of youth as "attended by the vision splendid," which in manhood is apt to fade away into the light of common day. It need not fade away. As I remember old promises and half-kept vows, I think that the young-eyed ideals of chivalry and pure intent, untainted by greed and gain, the visions of young hearts clear and beautiful, are among the brightest angels of heaven to earth. I am only a preacher, and poor at that, but I believe in my heart that those dreams of youth are among the best guides

and guards of life. I never sing "O would I were a boy again," for I believe that the best is yet to be, *always;* but some of the strongest stays of my soul, some of the finest forces of my life have come down from boyhood's days. Build castles in the air; let your thoughts wander far, let your ambition soar. You will never be able to fulfil your dreams yourself, nor can God Himself bring them to pass, but God and you together will be able to translate them into fact.

3.—You are going home for your holidays to-morrow. *Be kind to the home-folk.* They give you all you have, and all they have is for you. They pinch and save in order to give you a better start in life than ever they had themselves. You will never know what you owe to your parents until you have children of your own: you will never know all that your parents are to you, un il you have lost them. Nobody in life will love you better than they; nobody! Whoever learns to love you by-and-bye, it is *their* love that is the very image of God's own. Others will love you for your worth; they have loved you just because you are *you.* They think more of you than anyone in the world does or will; they pray for you more than you pray for yourself. Be thoughtful and careful for them; however kind you are, some day you will wish that you had been kinder. Try to fulfil their prayers and make their hopes come true. And may you have the help of—

> "A son who never did amiss,
> Who never shamed His mother's kiss,
> Or crossed her fondest prayer."

Something Great.

The trial was ended—the vigil past;
All clad in his arms was the Knight at last,
The goodliest Knight in the whole wide land,
With eyes that shone with a purpose grand.
The King looked on him with gracious eyes
And said, "He is meet for some high emprise."
To himself he thought, "I will conquer fate;
I will surely die, or do something great."

So from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in the town that day,
A child had strayed from its mother's side
Into the woodlands dark and wide.
"Help!" cried the mother, with sorrow wild—
"Help me, Sir Knight, to seek my child!
The hungry wolves in the forest roam;
Help me to bring my lost one home!"

He shook her hand from his bridle rein;
"Alas! poor mother, you ask in vain.
Some meaner succour will do, maybe,
Some Squire or Varlet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to right,
I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great."

One wintry night, when the sun had set,
A blind old man by the way he met.
"Now, good Sir Knight, for our lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take!
The wind blows cold, and the sun is down,
Lead me, I pray, till I reach the town!"
"Nay!" said the Knight, "I cannot wait,
I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armour bright,
His sword all keen for the longed-for fight.
"Laugh with us, laugh!" cried the merry crowd.
"Oh weep!" wailed others, with sorrow bowed.
"Help us!" the weak and weary prayed,
But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed;
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim,
And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done,
He missed the blessings he might have won,
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind.
He that is faithful in that which is least,
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast;
Yet men and women lament their fate,
If they be not called to do something great.

FLORENCE TYLER.

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